HOME

Welcome!

Congratulations on taking the first step to self-enlightenment by visiting the St John’s Ultimate Frisbee website. Whether you're a seasoned pro or a complete beginner who has never thrown a disc before, you're more than welcome to come along and play ultimate with Johns.

Ultimate is a game played by two mixed-sex teams of seven, involving a pitch with two end-zones, a disc and a lot of fun. Have a nosey around the internet if you want to find out more (the [**Wikipedia article**](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ultimate_frisbee) isn't a bad explanation), or even better, come along to a practice session and find out from first-hand experience. You can start coming at any point in the year even if you have no past experience.

If you want to be added to the mailing list, come to any training sessions or have any questions, feel free to get in touch (jaa56@cam.ac.uk).

Ashwin Ahuja

2013-14 SJC UFS Captain

WHO WE ARE

Ashwin Ahuja (Captain and Social Secretary) ([jaa56@cam.ac.uk](mailto:jaa56@cam.ac.uk))

Matt Colbrook (Vice-Captain) (mjc249)

Hauke Nietzel (Fixtures Secretary) (hn276)

Duncan Bell (Treasurer, theoretically) (db592)

Neeloy Banerjee (President)

Jacob Lever (Vice-President/Desperate Hanger-on)

POETRY

28.4.2013

Our nine brave souls did come to Jesus Green,

Though did the rain the masses keep away.

The Penguins too did slothfully convene;

And thus it was, we entered in the fray.

A sudden Blitzkrieg from the foe ensued;

They stole two points before we chanced to blink.

Though by mid-game we had three points accrued,

Their seven left us traipsing on the brink.

Though tactics none had our captain relayed,

His oranges at half-time worked a treat,

And with the restart we well sexy played,

Their handling skill could not our zeal compete.

Alas too late the mighty charge did come,

And though nine-six we fell 'twas far from glum.

To keep it fresh I've composed it as a Petrarchan Sonnet, but for the final two tercets I've adopted a CDC DCD rather than a CDE CDE rhyming pattern, because #YOLO.

5.5.2013

'Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May';

The bard spoke true - the rain though, he forgot.

Our nine assembled caring not a jot.

When ChrEmBroke came the game got underway.

Our own Blitzkrieg did come without delay,

Our front four's zeal did make their handling rot;

When half-time came the score had not a blot.

I to our shining team must homage pay;

In Kratos Chris in spirit has a peer,

AJ, Woody, Naughty, Long Leung, Netball,

Numberwang and Jenny Red - all premier.

The sun did shine to mark our record haul,

And though my poor speech showed I'm no Shakespeare,

At thirteen-nil I care not what my drawl.

Alumni – Spenserian

12.5.

Our masses on the Boathouse did descend,

A hearty meal (sans booze - exams) consumed.

With Night-Frisbee the pleasantries did end,

The pretense over, open battle loomed.

Though old and slow they were we'd not assumed

To crush their paltry zone with simple throws.

Alas our fears were real and we were doomed –

Each point they scored worse than a thousand blows.

Their win does sharp a true, just world oppose,

Their triumph bitter news and tears does bring,

Our athletes dying young full of sorrows –

This 9-6 loss looms like a despot king.

To sum up then: we were a little miffed,

But hope comeuppance next year will be swift.

12.5.

Shakespearian Churchill Tossers

The sun did like a lover draw us out;

A poisoned serpent covered all with flowers –

No lover but a whore after a bout,

A sea of sorrows whence are drawn such showers.

Once on the Green the moody storm did come;

You bitter Rains and Felon Winds, what sin

Did we commit to make you feel so glum?

O clouds, what beast invoked your weeping din?

You violating lusty hell-bound flood,

Why do you jerk our clothes and whip our backs?

Or fight with squalls to draw our meagre blood?

Now thrice to your twin pains we've paid a tax.

Amidst this all some Frisbee did we play;

5-3 we won, but tempests won the day.

25.5.

You mocking fool, unruly Sun, why do

You only call on us to then expose

Our woe; our team was too manly, too few.

Still, Thundercatz to fight, we faced our foes.

We few, we happy few, each man a brother –

I could not seek a nobler team. Besides,

The fewer men the greater share of honour;

I would not wish one more to flank my sides.

A mighty effort mighty souls provide;

I gloried in our force, our zeal, our skill –

Is there a man but me who feels such pride?

Not one of us did care we fought uphill.

6-5 we won. What feats we did that day,

No other match will all time hence outweigh.

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| William Cory |
|  |
| 759. **Heraclitus** |
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| THEY told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead, |  |
| They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed. |  |
| I wept as I remember'd how often you and I |  |
| Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky. |  |
|  |  |
| And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest, |  |
| A handful of grey ashes, long, long ago at rest, |  |
| Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake; |  |
| For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take. |  |

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|  | HOLY SONNETS.  **XIV.** http://www.luminarium.org/sevenlit/donne/invidot.gif  Batter my heart, three-person'd God ; for you As yet but knock ; breathe, shine, and seek to mend ; That I may rise, and stand, o'erthrow me, and bend Your force, to break, blow, burn, and make me new. I, like an usurp'd town, to another due, Labour to admit you, but O, to no end. Reason, your viceroy in me, me should defend, But is captived, and proves weak or untrue. Yet dearly I love you, and would be loved fain, But am betroth'd unto your enemy ; Divorce me, untie, or break that knot again, Take me to you, imprison me, for I, Except you enthrall me, never shall be free, Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me. |

Walt Whitman (1819–1892).  

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| O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is done; |  |
| The ship has weather’d every rack, the prize we sought is won; |  |
| The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting, |  |
| While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring: |  |
| But O heart! heart! heart! |  |
| O the bleeding drops of [red](http://www.bartleby.com/142/1019.html" \l "193.6), |  |
| Where on the deck my Captain lies, |  |
| Fallen cold and dead. |  |
|  |  |
| O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells; |  |
| Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills; |  |
| For you bouquets and ribbon’d wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding; |  |
| For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning; |  |
| Here Captain! dear father! |  |
| This arm beneath your [head](http://www.bartleby.com/142/1019.html" \l "193.14); |  |
| It is some dream that on the deck, |  |
| You’ve fallen cold and dead. |  |
|  |  |
| My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still; |  |
| My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will; |  |
| The ship is anchor’d safe and sound, its voyage closed and done; |  |
| From fearful trip, the victor ship, comes in with object won; |  |
| Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells! |  |
| But I, with [mournful](http://www.bartleby.com/142/1019.html" \l "193.22) tread, |  |
| Walk the deck my Captain lies, |  |
| Fallen cold and dead. |  |

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Marlowe's Translation   
of Ovid's Elegia 5:   
*Corinnae concubitus*

In summers heate and mid-time of the day  
To rest my limbes upon a bed I lay,  
One window shut, the other open stood,  
Which gave such light as twinkles in a wood,  
Like twilight glimpse at setting of the Sunne,  
Or night being past, and yet not day begunne.  
Such light to shamefast maidens must be showne,  
Where they may sport, and seeme to be unknowne.  
Then came Corinna in a long loose gowne,  
Her white neck hid with tresses hanging downe,  
Resembling fayre *Semiramis* going to bed,  
Or *Layis* of a thousand lovers sped.  
I snatcht her gowne: being thin, the harme was small,  
Yet strived she to be covered therewithall.  
And striving thus as one that would be cast,  
Betrayde her selfe, and yeelded at the last.  
Starke naked as she stood before mine eye,  
Not one wen in her body could I spie.  
What armes and shoulders did I touch and see,  
How apt her breasts were to be prest by me.  
How smooth a belly under her wast saw I,  
How large a legge, and what a lustie thigh?  
To leave the rest, all liked me passing well,  
I clinged her naked body, downe she fell,  
Judge you the rest, being tirde she bad me kisse;  
*Jove* send me more such after-noones as this.

LINKS

<http://www.strangeblue.org/>

<http://www.strangeblue.org/cleaguefixtures>

<http://www.strangeblue.org/rules-quick>

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ultimate_frisbee>